

Apparition Poems

#1550

I'm in your house:
your husband, kids
not home. A voice
(yours) follows me
around, playing on
my body, until I'm
in your bathroom,
smoking butts on

a sunny spring day.
Your body doesn't
appear. It seems to
me you're suspect,
Steph, it seems to
me you want too
much. Then, you
always said I was

a dreamer. What
do we have past
dreams anyway?
What else is love?

ADAM FIELED

#1553

I see her head, not yours,
on my pillow, dear, but I
don't really see either one
of you except as you were
when you had no interest
in my pillows: isn't it sad?